

The Comical Historie of

You that did voyd your rhime upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurne a stranger curre
Over your threshold: moneyes is your sute;
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a Dog money? is it possible,
A Curre can lend three thousand Ducats? or
Shall I bend low, and in a bond-mans key,
With bated breath, and whispering humbleness
Say this: Faire sir, you spet on me on Wednesday last,
You spurn'd me such a day another time,
You call'd me Dogge: and for these curtesies
Ile lend you thus much moneyes.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so againe,
To spet on the againe, to spurne thee to.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends: for when did friendship take
A breed for barren mettall of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine Enemy,
Who if hee breake, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty. *Shy.* Why looke you how you storme,
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doyt
Of Vñance for my moneyes, and youle not heare me:
This is kind I offer. *Ant.* This were kindnesse.

Shy. This kindnesse will I shew:
Goe with mee to a Notarie, seale me there
Your single Bond, and in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such summe or summes as are
Exprest in the Condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equall pound
Of your faire flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

Ant. Content in faith, Ile seale to such a Bond,
And say there is much kindnesse in the Jew.

Bass. You shall not seale to such a Bond for me,
Ile rather dwell in my necessitie.

Ant. Why

the Merchant of Venice.

Ant. Why feare not man, I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months, that's a month before
This Bond expires, I doe expect returne
Of thrice three times the value of this Bond.

Shy. O father *Abram*, what these Christians are,
Whose owne hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others: Pray you tell me this,
If he should breake his day, what should I gaine
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of mans flesh taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of Muttons, Beefes, or Goates; I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so, if not, adiew,
And for my love I pray you wrong me not.

Ant. Yes *Shylocke*, I will seale unto this Bond.

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the Notaries,
Give him direction for this merry Bond,
And I will goe and purse the Ducats strait,
See to my house left in the fearefull guard
Of an unthriftie knave, and presently
Ile be with you. *Exit. Ant.* Hie thee gentle Jew,
The Hebrew will turne Christian, he growes kinde.

Bass. I like not faire termes, and a villaines minde.

Ant. Come on, in this there can be no dismay,
My ships come home a month before the day. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Morochus, a tawny Moore all in white, and three or foure
followers accordingly, with Portia, Nerrissa, & their traine.*

Moroc. Mislike me not for my Complexion,
The shadowed Livery of the burnisht Sunne,
To whom I am a neighbour, and neere bred.
Bring me the fayrest Creature North-ward borne,
Where *Phabus* fire scarce thawes the yficles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee Lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant; (by my Love I sweare)

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